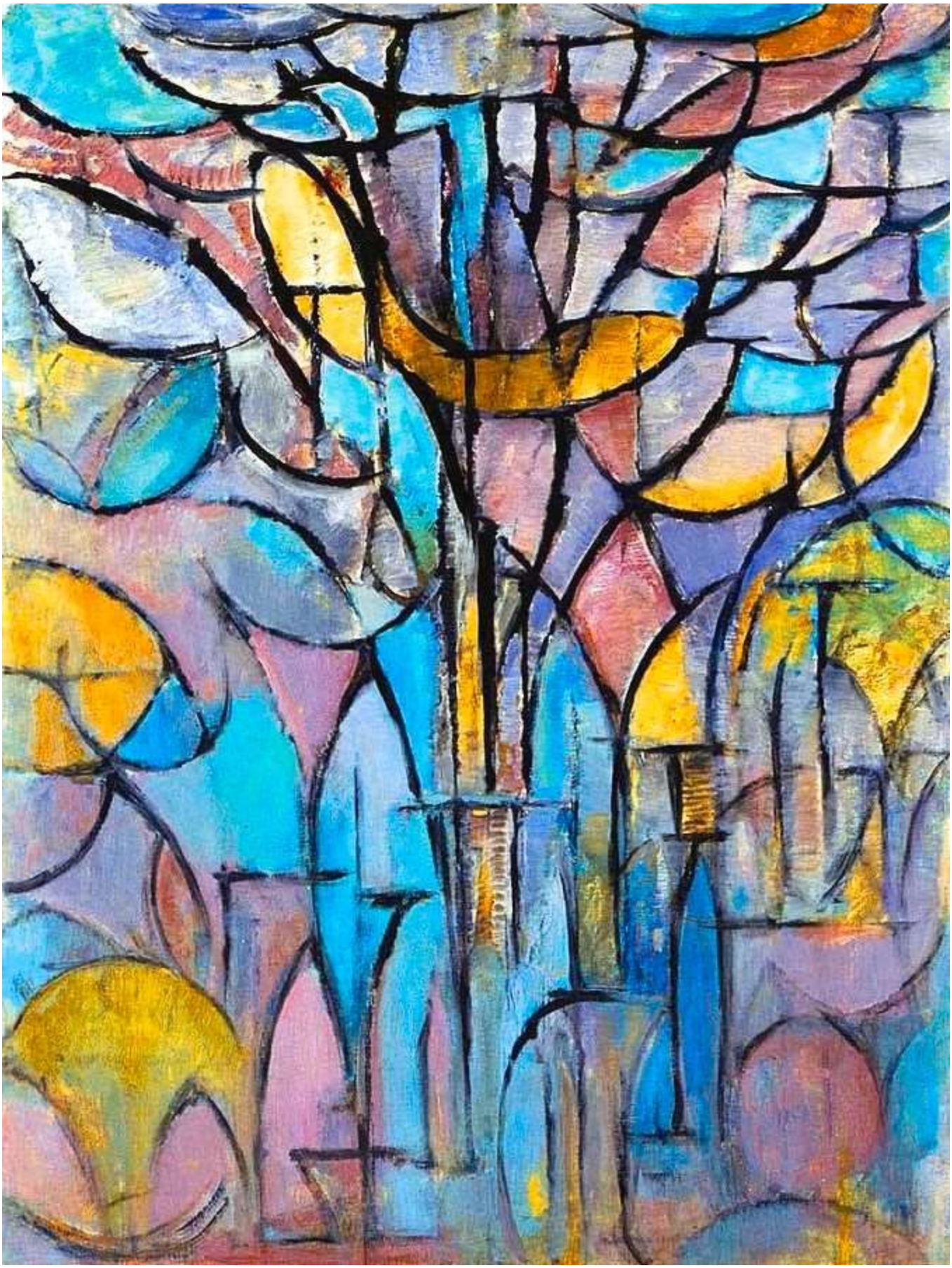

Volo

Adam Fieled

Cover image by Piet Mondrian
Trees, 1912

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Volo

When, if I
is incidental,
I remains

everywhere
inscribed.
I inscribes

what I am,
against
evanescence,

inscribes
in granite,
past incident.

I am
warps,
un-smoothed

granite
in books,
I write.

Texts
wreck
into place,

texts
warp
into worlds,

I am
is text,
blessed.

Presences

Presences behind presence,
  what I half-mean,
totality beyond me,
   what I dig into,
how it might be reached,
   what possibility really is
here, in this, where I am—

here, in this, where I am
    if possibility really thins,
how it can't be breached,
    what it digs into,
totalities reached only
as they half-mean,
presences unwind presence, behind "behind"—

January Song

Reflexivity as a form of January—
cold crests of new waves. Crests, branches.
Ensigns speak, desultory to gone birds.
Words squirm. What's left, in the end—
back to a grasped beginning. January
birds scattered. Signifiers lined in careful
rows, against the intrusion of winter's
eminence. Splintered limbs. Wind's glimpse
into erosion, decay, deterioration— flexibility settles.

Plymouth Meeting Sky

Sudden swing, head angled up,
    into stasis, walled gardens of air,
a kind of text, past deciphering

our texts— everyone reads it but us,
  entrusted armies of air enforcers,
fluent past the influence of darkness,

or dark earth. Sky's coitus with open
    fields, betrays forming fertility,
to human consciousness completely desolated.

I have nothing against this, but
    memories hung on private air
gardens, moments when I stood, deciphering,

as my own ensign to me, and others desolated—

Mall and Mary Dream

I walked into
a mall that was
a bungalow, into
stores with posters,
jugglers and acrobats.

You wanted to
dress me up in ribbons,
re-sexed as dressing up,
how petite I could be
in your womanly

array. Critters crept
on toasted floors. All
owing to your life's
runway, dissolutions
into appearances.

Eaten by the mall,
and you, I sashayed
towards realizations
of archival mirage,
and marriage, like Mary.

Medea

If Jason cheats
on Medea, as Medea

might say, attempt
to understand the process

by which Medea
inverts Jason's intentions,

misunderstands his words,
repulses his advances.

Attendant on Jason
and Medea, the usual suspects

(mimes, courtiers, other
gossips), know that what

got forgotten— Jason
expresses saintly charity

to the city orphans,
sets up trust funds

for cultural types,
creates vaunted libraries—

why no one remembers
anything but the stupid

bitch (as the mimes might
say), with the archetypal mouth—

it opens, myth's out. Why, and how.

Kafka Dream

I worked, again, at
a bookstore on the
Square, it's just that
sections of the store
kept disappearing, as

I ran from floor to
floor attempting to
tally what holdings
were still had. I was
then forced to work

the register, yet the
game was against
customers doing any
thing but pelting us
with snowballs, from

an eternal winter
which had overtaken
Philly. So I snuck back
up to floor three, which
was spared the ice,

and where there was
no snow issue, until
Kafka declared my
behavior apostasy to
the store's interests,

and back on the register.
The entire store was then
declared a penal colony,
I realized you can't stitch
things on my skin, Franz—

To Jacques Derrida, after reading *Writing and Difference*

Green as a shamrock,
the constitutive subject
spots the statement, how "I"
must disappear so as
to mention what's incorrect

with figuration. Irish blood
melds the mélange into
a gag, perverse against
sincerity, which it only half-
is, as the Irishman half-

knows. The Jew tears at
flesh, cringes before the blank
not-blank, writing— Irish
blood takes the Jew, bloats him
as archetype, borrows holiness—

it can happen, it has—

Waiting for Nina and Katie at Uno

How the coffee

works sense

against cigar smoke,

is that swirled milk

takes the air,

makes a smokeless curve

Noir

November rain in parking lot
space, harangued by brick
buildings, lost without a ride
back to Fayette Street, God

dissolved into devilish nonsense,
crosses hung above one of
the doors of one of the buildings,
adumbrating human truth—

"you're either in or you're not, you
either have a ride or don't,
you either get saved or wasted,
no one cares or knows but

you, no one's really there but
you, no one's there, but they are, too— "

Kendall Jenner, Vogue cover, 2022

The pierce-through look— as
though her eyes are not only swords,
but blades guaranteed victory by superior
stratagem, rooks bartered to kill queens—

make the pawns she thinks she crushes
barf out a lung, because they are only partially
crushed, as she attempts to take no
prisoners, prisoners actually subsistent mutiny—

what mates her mates have checked,
sit in various viper rooms, bishops get
flogged as usual, but the pieces on the board,
clear as crystal, exonerate only white paint—

1:15 Saturday Night

shake me to wake me or however
you might saturate obfuscate configurations
on a God-forsaken board, you responsible for
maintenance, back in Spain to check your
blood for irony of pigmentation, reiteration
of situation back, making a clack noise, to

Ireland, where shamrocks shake in tombs, tones,
dulcet as time, eternity allows, which is
pretty anti-dulcet for the version
of middle of the God-damned, God-
forsaken night, your flatted fifth in this flat—

Becky Hilliker Dream

There was only a trace of
you in a forest I was searching
for rubies, emeralds, amethysts,
as though amidst the ferns, pines,

I could find stones, but a path was
opened before me, and in the mud
where the path begun was one
ruby, not attached to a band,

and the ruby told me that the night
we reclined by the Contoocook, you
bashful if half-naked, others
nosing around, was caught some

where, ruby-like, on red hooks to revisit—

Dracula's Gift

The vampire must suck
signification from signifiers
like other mortals,

yet long experience
(timelessness, immortality)
allows us to understand

what recurs in signification,
as all your kind would
never guess—

quirks, idiosyncrasies are
the name of the game,
over eternity, in

recurrence, not what *you*
deem solid or substantial,
and while we feed our

brains, grasp your necks, too,
because what in
your texts was

good you can't know
(we're immortal, remember),
but we can,

we've seen you before,
again, again, and who
you are you cannot choose—